



G I L L M O R I C E. K

Gill Morice was an earl's son,
His name it waxed wide,
It was nae for his great riches,
nor yet his meikle pride,
But it was for a lady fair,
that liv'd on Carron-side.
Where will I get a bonny boy
that will win holt and shoon,
That will go to Lord Barnard's ha'
and bid his lady come?
And ye man rin an errand Willie,
and ye man rin wi' pride,
When other boys go on their foot,
on horseback ye shall ride.
O no, O no, my master dear,
I dare nae for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld baron's,
for to tryst forth his wife.
My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
my dear Willie, he said,
How can you strive against the
for I fall be obey'd. (stream? e'en by yourfell alane.
But O my master dear, he cry'd,
in green wood ye're your lane;
Gie o'er sic thoughts I wald ye red,
for fear ye suld be tane.
Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
bid her come here with speed;
If ye refuse my high command,
I'll gar your body bleed.
Gae bid her take this gay mantle,
'tis a' goud but the hem,
Bid her come to good green wood,
and bring none but her lane;
And there is a fine silken fark,
her ain hand sew'd the sleeve,
And bid her come to Gill Morice,
spier nae bauld baron's leave.
Yes I will go thy black errand,
tho' it be to thy cost;
Sen ye by me will not be warn'd,
in it ye shall find frost.
The baron he's a man of might,
he ne'er could bide a taunt;
As ye will see before it's night,
how sma' ye have to vaunt.
And then I man your errand rin,
fae fair against my will,
Ise make a vow and keep it true,
it fall be done for ill:
And when he came to broken Bridge,
he bent his bow and swam:
And when he came to grafs growing,
set down his feet and ran.
And when he came to Barnard's ha'
would neither chap nor ca';
But set his bow bent to his breast,
and lightly lap the wa'
He wodna tell the man his errand,
tho' he stood at the gate,
But straight into the ha' he came,
where they were set at meat.
Hail, hail, my gentle sir and dame,
my message winna wait.
Dame ye man to the green wood,
before that it be late!
Ye're bidden tak this mantle,
its a' goud but the hem;
You man go to the green wood,
e'en by yourfell alane.
And there it is a silken fark
your ain hand sew'd the sleeve.
Ye man come to speak to Gill Mo-
spier nae bauld barons leave, (rice,
The lady stamped wi' her foot,
and winked wi' her eye;
But a' that she could say or do,
forbidden he wad na' be.
It's surely to my bower woman,
it ne'er could be to me.
I brought it to lord Barnards lady,
I trow that ye be she;
Then up and spake the wylie nurse,
(the bairn upon her knee)
If it be from Gill Morice
'tis dear welcome to me
Ye lied, ye lied, ye filthy nurse,
fae loud's I hear ye lie.
I brought it to lord Barnard's lady
I trow ye nae be she;
Then up and spake the bauld baron,
an angry man was he;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
fae has he with his knee,
Till silver cup and ezar dish,
in flinders he gart flee.
Gae bring a robe of your cliding,
that hangs upon the pin,
And I'll go to the good green wood,
and speak with your lemman.
O bide at hame now, Lord Barnard,
I wierd thee bide at hame,
Neer wyte a man for violence,
that neer wyte thee for nane.
Gill Morice sat in good green wood
he whistled and he sang,
O what mean a' these folk coming,
my mother tarries lang.
And when he came to good green
with mikle dool and care, (wood
And there he saw Gill Morice,
combing his yellow hair.
No wonder, no wonder, Gill Morice,
that my lady lov'd thee well,
The fairest part of my body
is blacker than thy heel.
Yet ne'ertheless now, Gill Morice,
for a' thy beauty bright,
Ye's rue the day that ye was born,
that head fall gae with me.
Now he has drawn a trusty brand,
and flaited on the strae,
And thro' Gill Morice' fair body
he gart cauld iron gae.
An he has taen Gill Morice head,
and set it on a spear,
The meanest man in a' his train,
has gotten his head to bear.
And he has taen Gill Morice up,
laid him across his steed,
And brought him to his painted
and laid him on a bed. (bower,
The lady sat on castle wa'
beheld baith hill and down,
And there she saw Gill Morice' head
come trailing through the town.
Far mair I loe that bloody head,
bot an that yellow hair,
Than lord Barnard and a' his lands
as they ly here and there.
And she has taen her Gill Morice,
and kiss'd both mouth and chin:
I ance was fou of Gill Morice,
as the hip was o' the stane.
I got thee in my father's bower,
wi' meikle sin and shame,
I brought thee up in good green
under the heavy rain. (wood,
Oft have I by thy cradle sat,
and fondly seen thee sleep,
And now I gae about thy grave,
the faut tears for to weep.
And syne she kist his bloody cheek,
and syne his bloody chin,
O better I loe my Gill Morice,
than a' my kith and kin.
Away, away. thou ill woman,
and an ill death mat thou die,
Gin I had kent he was your son,
he'd ne'er been slain by me.
Upbraid me not, my lord Barnard,
upbraid me not with shame,
With that same spear O pierce my
and put me out of pine. (heart,
Since nothing but Gill Morice head
thy jealous rage could quell,
Let that same hand now take her
that never did thee ill. (life,
To me nae after-days nor nights
will e'er be fast or kind,
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
and greet till I am blind.
Enough of blood by me's been spilt
seek not thy death from me,
I rather wish't had been myself,
than either him or thee.
With woful wo I hear your 'plaint,
fair, fair I rue the deed,
That e're this cursed hand of mine
should make his body bleed.
Dry up your tears, my winsom dame,
ye ne'er can heal the wound:
Ye see his head upon my spear,
his heart's blood on the ground.
I curse the hand that did the deed,
the heart that thought the ill,
The feet that bore me wi' sic speed,
the comely youth to kill.
Now I'll lament for Gill Morice,
as gin he were my ain,
And ne'er forget the dreary day,
on which the youth was slain.